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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Office in Post Office Block, dwelling on East Side  
South Michigan Street,  
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**DR. J. M. JENNINGS,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office with  
Dr. N. Sherman over Loper's Store, on  
Michigan street, Plymouth, Ind. Residence  
on Center street, opposite Catholic church.  
Im 207

**AMASA JOHNSON**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Prompt attention given  
to collections, settlement of decedent's estate  
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P. O. Jones,  
Attorney at Law & Notary Public.  
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No. 11 Michigan street, where he may be  
found at all times, except when professionally  
absent, his residence being at the same place.  
July 1st, 1872. 6m

**J. O. S. & J. W. PARKS,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Notaries Public and  
A. 1. Authorized War Claim Agents. Office at  
Bourbon and Plymouth, Indiana. Special  
attention given to the settlement of decedent's  
estate, conveying, and the collection of  
Soldiers' Claims for pensions; will attend  
primarily to all professional business con-  
sidered to them, and practice in Marshall and  
adjacent counties, Plymouth office on Ohio  
street between Michigan and Center streets,  
Bourbon office over Mirror printing office, 257

**G. R. CHANEY**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in all the  
courts in the State, and in Federal court.  
over Baker & Wolf's drug store, Plymouth,  
Ind. aug-17-72

**WILLIAM S. HESS,**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,  
Plymouth, Ind. Jan-17

**JOHN S. BENDER,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
Bourbon, Ind. - - - - - PLYMOUTH, IND.  
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of claims and foreclosures of mortgages. Remittances  
prompt.

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out pain by the use  
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m r 174  
**PLYMOUTH, IND.**

# The Plymouth Republican.

VOLUME 23.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1879.

NUMBER 27.

The Young Trump.

By CHARLES F. ADAMS.

Hallo, there, stranger! What yer from?  
Come in and make yourself at home!  
We're common folks, but much on style;  
Come in and stop a little while;  
T'won't do no harm to rest yer some.

Youngster, yer pale and don't look well!  
What way from Boston? Now, don't tell!  
Why, that's a hundred mile or so.  
What started yer? I'd like to know  
On such a tramp; got goods to sell?

No home nor friends? Now, that's too bad!  
Well, cheer up, boy, and don't be sad!  
Wilt, see what yer can find to eat,  
And put the coffee on for heat!  
We'll fix yer up all right, my lad.

Willin' to work, can't get a job,  
And not a penny in yer job?  
Well, now, that's rough, I'd declare!  
Wilt, t'ears? Come, youngster, I can't bar-  
ter see yer take on so, and sob.

How came yer so sad, old man?  
Why, I was in that scurrilous, lad,  
And got me up at four, pretty bad;  
I want to forget that wretched day.

So yer were left in Boston, hey?  
A body when he went away—  
Sweet dreamin' tipsy our small bridge,  
I got the shot that made me lame,  
When down on me a trooper came,  
And then he took me up by the blade.

Poor fellow! He was stricken dead;  
The trooper's sword cleaved his head.  
He was a Boston boy, and game!  
I almost wished I'd died instead.

Why, lad! what makes yer tremble so?  
Yer father was a noble, too?  
Yer father was my comrade, too?  
And yer son's? Come, for yer hear!  
My home is yours; I'll try to care,  
To pay his boy the debt I owe.

Our Daily Reminiscence.

If you sit down at set of sun,  
And count the acts that you have done;  
One self-denying act, one word  
That eased the heart of one who heard;  
One glance toward the poor and blind,  
That felt like sunshine where it fell.  
Then say that count that day well spent.

But if through all the fleeting day  
You've never done one thing to say  
That brought the sunshine to one face;  
That helped some soul in need or pain;  
Then count that day as worse than lost.

A VETERAN'S MEMORIES.

Some Interesting Stories Never Before  
Published.

From Indianapolis News.

The men who were in the public  
service with the giants, Webster, Clay,  
Calhoun, Douglass, and the other  
statesmen, so well known to the  
elders of the present generation, and  
of whom so little is known by the  
younger men of the day, have become  
very few in numbers. Among those  
who were in Congress with these  
leaders is Hon. F. E. McClain, of  
Greenacres. Mr. McClain was elected  
to the thirty-first Congress, with-  
out opposition, from his district in  
Kentucky, and served two years,  
when his failing health compelled him  
to decline a re-nomination. He en-  
joyed a personal acquaintance with  
Webster, Clay and the other great  
men of that body, and was a close  
sewer of them and the affairs of the  
time. He recently gave me some in-  
teresting reminiscences never before  
published. He was an admirer of the  
oratory of Webster, who, however, in  
his intercourse with the members  
was very reclusive, though he tried  
hard to be social. When he smiled,  
it reminded one of a ghastly grin.  
He was much more respectful to  
his opponents than was Calhoun, who  
would not tolerate any differing from  
his opinions. Calhoun was unable to  
be present at the opening of the  
session on account of ill health, and  
it was evident he had not much long-  
er to live. In this connection there  
is an anecdote of Senator Benton  
that has never been published. Ben-  
ton had met both Clay and Webster  
in debate and was itching for a con-  
test with Calhoun. When the latter  
returned to his seat he made a bitter  
speech against Benton's party, whose  
friends expected him to reply. But  
Benton took no notice of the attack.  
Some of his friends, Mr. McClain  
among the number, asked for an ex-  
planation. Drawing himself up with  
all the dignity imaginable, he replied:  
"When the Almighty lays his hand  
on a man I take mine off."

Benton was probably the most ego-  
tistical man America ever produced.  
He had a habit of talking to himself,  
and as he frequently passed the hotel  
where Mr. McClain, Col. Marshall of  
Kentucky and others were stopping,  
it became the subject of frequent re-  
mark. One evening Col. Marshall  
accosted him with the interrogation:  
"Senator Benton, why do you talk to  
yourself so much?" With great dig-  
nity, Benton replied: "Col. Marshall,  
I can tell you very earnestly and very  
truly why I talk to myself. I love to  
talk to a great man, and I love to  
hear a great man talk." Benton also  
had a bout with Henry Clay on the  
floor, which was carefully suppressed  
from the newspapers. Clay had made  
a direct attack on Benton, to which  
the latter undertook to reply. As a  
wit and humorist he had not an equal  
in Congress. Reading a long adver-  
tisement of a cure-all from a news-  
paper, he sarcastically compared it  
with Clay's omnibus bill, then before  
the house, saying that as Townsend's  
was the only meritorious sassa-parilla,  
so all the measures incorporated in  
the bill were objectionable until  
gathered up by Mr. Clay. He kept  
the Senate in a roar for some time,  
much to the chagrin of Clay, who  
finally interrupted him with: "When  
Mr. Benton was canvassing his dis-  
trict in Missouri, he opposed the ad-  
mission of California as a state," Mr.  
Benton replied: "I want to say to the  
distinguished Senator that I gave that  
the months ago, but I now release

REMINISCENCES.

Of a Pennsylvania Clergyman Who was  
a Member of the 35th Congress.

[Indianapolis Journal.]

Rev. A. Myers, of Pottsville, Pa., who  
occupied very acceptably the pulpit  
of the First Baptist Church, last Sun-  
day, has only been engaged in the  
work of a clergyman about five  
years. Until about fifty years of age  
he was a member of the legal profes-  
sion, and also took a very active part  
in politics. He was then a resident  
of Western Pennsylvania, and was  
elected as a member of the House of  
Representatives to serve in the mem-  
orable Thirty-eighth Congress, from  
the Twentieth district, known at that  
time as the Oil district. The reverend  
gentleman yesterday, in conver-  
sation with a Journal reporter, made  
reference to some of his congression-  
al recollections:

"Meeting a gentleman on the  
streets of your city, the other day,"  
he said, "I at once recognized him as  
Thomas A. Hendricks, who was also  
a member of the House during the  
Thirty-eighth Congress, when the  
emancipation of the slaves received  
the endorsement of the representa-  
tives of the people. I always liked  
Hendricks personally, and therefore,  
when we met I accosted him by  
name. Your ex-Governor seemed a  
little taken aback at first, but when I  
reminded him we had served in Con-  
gress together, he at once remem-  
bered, and said: 'Why, yes, Myers,  
Republican, from Pennsylvania, isn't  
it, and the recognition was complete.

Mr. Orth was also a member of the  
same Congress, and occupied the  
next seat to mine, so that we became  
well acquainted. Orth's name, I re-  
member, was just about in the middle  
of the list of members, and the clerk,  
in reading his name, did not always  
say it quite plainly. A man was sit-  
ting by me one day who had been  
quite a frequent listener to the pro-  
ceedings of the House, and when  
some vote was being taken he made  
a curious inquiry: 'Tell me, Mr.  
Myers, why does the clerk always  
when he gets to the middle of the  
roll-call say 'God love us all?' Upon  
his being informed that what the  
clerk really said was 'God love S.  
Orth,' instead of 'God love us all,'  
he didn't look as though he wanted  
to ask for any more information that  
day.

"Those were memorable days and  
exciting times. No one who was in  
the Thirty-eighth Congress will ever  
forget the scenes that were witnessed  
on more than one occasion. I re-  
member as well as if it were but yes-  
terday the night when the decisive  
vote on emancipation was taken and  
the momentous question decided.  
Just for a moment there was perfect  
silence, and then the storm broke  
forth. The members on the Republi-  
can side were wild with joy. Speak-  
er Colfax mildly rapped for order,  
but did not seem as if he wanted very  
much to bring the House to order—  
He was as much elated as any one  
over the result. The colored people,  
of whom quite a number were  
present, shouted 'Glory to God,' and  
manifested their joy in their own  
peculiar fashion, and cheer after  
cheer came from all parts of the  
House.

"Some of the scenes were very fun-  
ny, but people didn't study the atti-  
tudes they placed themselves in.  
Griggs, of Michigan, had a package  
of seed in his hands he had just ob-  
tained from the department of agri-  
culture, and in his excitement the  
paper burst, and they were all split  
on the floor. 'I'm sowing the seeds  
of freedom,' he said 'never mind.'  
Two fat members ran across the floor  
of the House and threw their arms  
about each other's necks, and hugged  
and cried with joy. It was such a  
scene as is only witnessed once in a  
lifetime. I was a young man then—  
Almost the youngest member of the  
House. I can never forget the wild  
tumult or joy of that moment when  
the right triumphed and the great  
struggle was over.

"Another thing that I remember is  
a remark that President Lincoln  
made to me on one occasion when I  
had an interview with him. I had  
occasion to visit him in regard to  
some official business, and when I  
was through with that I asked him if  
he had any objections to talk politics  
a few minutes. He said, 'I don't  
know as I have,' and then I said, 'Mr.  
Lincoln, they are talking of giving  
you a renomination.' It was then  
within two or three months of the  
date of the Baltimore convention.  
He replied: 'Well, I do not desire a  
renomination, except for the reason  
that such action on the part of the  
Republican party would be an em-  
phatic endorsement of the policy of  
my administration.' In reply to a re-  
mark of mine that the most formid-  
able candidate spoken of by the  
Democrats was Gen. Grant, Mr. Lin-  
coln made an observation which im-  
pressed me very much. He said,  
'Well, if he takes Richmond, let him  
have it.' He seemed to recognize that  
the brilliant success the General was  
achieving almost entitled him to the  
most distinguished honor in the gift  
of the nation. As we all know, Lin-  
coln was again chosen, but the Demo-  
crats preferred McClellan to Grant,  
probably because the latter was too  
pronounced a Union man."

CHARLEY WALLACE.  
Greencastle, Ind., June 3.

Buoyancy in Business Circles.

New York, Cor. Chicago Journal.

At no time since the panic of 1873  
has there been such a hopeful feeling  
in business circles here as prevails at  
the present time. Everybody ex-  
presses the opinion that we have now  
undoubtedly turned the corner, and  
that in the future we are to have an  
other era of prosperity. The sales of  
some of the mercantile houses dur-  
ing the past two weeks have been ex-  
ceedingly large. For example: A  
Franklin street firm, dealing in cot-  
ton goods, whose sales for the past  
three or four years have hardly  
amounted to \$5,000 a week, sold bills  
of goods on Tuesday and Wednes-  
day of last week amounting each day  
to over \$100,000. Merchants from  
the Philadelphia report to me a similar  
encouraging condition of affairs in  
that city. The trade with the south,  
which existed prior to the war, is just  
now rapidly reviving, and the south-  
ern purchasers buy far more for cash  
than heretofore. The activity of  
New York real estate undoubtedly  
has had much to do in imparting  
activity to trade circles. When the up-  
ward movement in real estate here is  
fairly under way, an impetus will be  
given to all branches of trade, and we  
shall have lively times again.

The wheat crop of Kansas this year  
promises to equal and perhaps ex-  
ceed that of 1878, and some estimates  
of the amount of the crop are as high  
as 40,000,000 bushels.

Discovery of Rich Copper and Silver  
Deposits in Wisconsin.

St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Mr. Henry Allen, a gentleman who  
has had long experience with the  
Indians, as a detective for the gov-  
ernment in hunting down parties  
guilty of selling whiskey to them, ar-  
rived in St. Paul yesterday. Mr.  
Allen reports the discovery, a week  
since, of valuable silver and copper  
land in the dense Wisconsin forests,  
which has created considerable ex-  
citement. The report as he obtained  
it is well authenticated, and is to this  
effect: For the past three or four  
years Charles and James Patrick, of  
Eau Claire, having been among the  
Chippewa Indians in and around the  
Lac Court Orllees reservation, de-  
voting their attention to watching a  
large tract of timber land which they  
will soon come in possession of.  
James Patrick talks the Chippewa  
tongue readily, and during a conver-  
sation with one of the old Indians on  
the reservation incidentally learned  
that within a few miles of the Lac  
Court Orllees was a large tract of  
land teeming with rich copper and  
silver ore. The whereabouts of this  
mineral strip was apparently known  
only to this Indian, who displayed  
large pieces of copper which he had  
secured, and positively refused to  
divulge his secret to the white men.  
Fifteen years ago this old Indian,  
while in the pursuit of a deer in the  
winter, through the thick woods,  
found a huge ledge rising abruptly  
out of the ground and covered with  
snow. It extended for a space of five  
or six hundred feet, and afforded ex-  
cellent shelter, of which the Indian  
availed himself. He discovered,  
partly hidden by moss, pieces of cop-  
per ore and secured several large  
specimens. These were the same  
upon which the eyes of Mr. Patrick  
rested and which aroused his curiosi-  
ty. In vain for along while did he  
attempt to induce the discoverer to  
reveal to him this spot, making many  
liberal promises. Several weeks since  
the Indian named his price, \$500 and  
a load of provisions for which he  
would conduct the white men to this  
mine of copper. The Patrick brothers  
quickly went to Eau Claire, informed  
a leading banker of that city of the  
proposition, who at once advanced  
the money and accompanied them  
back to Lac Court Orllees. The  
three men, with the old Indian and  
his sons, early one morning, started  
for the spot. A march of about  
twenty miles through the woods  
brought them to the place. When  
within two or three miles the super-  
stition of the Indian that he would  
incur the displeasure of the Great  
Spirit by revealing any secret to the  
white man asserted itself. The old  
man and the two backs threw them-  
selves on the ground and proceeded  
to indulge in mournful incantations  
for several minutes. Then they were  
ready to go forward, and led the  
men to the immense ledge. Even  
though they anticipated much, their  
hopes were more than realized.  
The presence of copper in great  
quantities was plainly to be seen, and  
the party also found much silver ore.  
Of the former they obtained chunks  
a foot in length, with which the ledge  
seemed to bristle. After a careful  
examination the party returned con-  
fident that they had struck a bonanza  
with millions in it. Upon reaching  
Lac Court Orllees, the Indian was  
paid his \$500 and load of provisions,  
and the Eau Claire banker at once  
started to take a claim for ten thou-  
sand acres of land. Mr. Allen talked  
with the old Indian and with the Pat-  
rick brothers, and each corroborated  
the story of the wonderful wealth  
seen. Arrangements were at once  
made for the working of this mine,  
and within two or three weeks work  
will be commenced. The land is in  
Barron county, half way between the  
North Wisconsin railroad and Lac  
Court Orllees.

A Midnight Tragedy.

Washington Correspondence Boston Journal.

Among the many bloody duels  
on record as having been  
fought by Congressmen, was one in  
which James Jackson, of Georgia—  
who had been and who was after-  
ward a United States Senator—was  
the challenged party. He was an  
Englishman by birth, but he went to  
Savannah when a lad, studied law,  
was a leading Freemason, and fought  
gallantly in the revolutionary war.  
He killed Lieutenant-Governor Wells  
in 1780, in a duel, and was engaged  
in several other "affairs of honor,"  
until he finally determined to accept  
a challenge on such terms as would  
make it his last duel. So he pre-  
scribed as the terms that each party,  
armed with a double-barreled gun  
loaded with buckshot, and with a  
hunting-knife, should row himself in  
a skiff to designated points on oppo-  
site sides of the Savannah river.  
When the clock struck 12, each  
should row his skiff to a small island  
in the middle of the river, which was  
wooded and covered with under-  
brush. On arriving at the island each  
was to moor his skiff, stand by it for  
ten minutes, and then go about on  
the island until the meeting took  
place. The seconds waited on the  
main land until after 1 o'clock, when

they heard three gun shots and loud  
and angry cries. Then all was still.  
At daylight, as had been agreed upon,  
the seconds went to the island, and  
found Jackson lying on the ground,  
insensible from the loss of blood, and  
his antagonist lying across him, dead.  
Jackson recovered, but would never  
relate his experience on that night,  
nor was he ever challenged again.  
He died in this city, while serving  
his second term as United States  
Senator, March 19, 1806.

An Awful Peril.

Danvers Tribune.

Charles May and his brother Rob-  
ert, in the spring of 1870, offered to  
pass 60,000 railroad ties down the  
Arkansas from the mountain source.  
He says: "Our offer was accepted,  
when we started into the upper en-  
trance of the canon with a large skiff  
provided with six days' provisions  
and 200 feet of rope, with which,  
by taking a running turn around some  
firmly planted object, we could lower  
our boat a hundred feet at a time. In  
this way, at the end of three days,  
having sent adrift many hundred ties,  
we reached the entrance to the Royal  
Gorge. Here we discovered that an  
attempt to descend the first waterfall  
with two in the boat was certain de-  
struction, and to return was impossi-  
ble. Accordingly I determined to  
lower my brother down the fall in the  
boat, a distance of two hundred feet,  
give him the rope and let him take  
the chance of the canon (life seemed  
more certain in that direction), while  
I would risk my physical ability to  
climb the canon wall, which was about  
2,000 feet high.

"About 10 o'clock in the morning I  
shook hands with my brother, lower-  
ed him in the boat safely to the foot  
of the fall, gave him the rope, and  
saw him no more. Then throwing  
aside my coat, hat and boots, and  
stripping the socks from my feet, I  
commenced my climbing way, often  
reaching the height of one or two  
hundred feet, only to be compelled to  
return to try some other way. At  
length, about 4 o'clock in the after-  
noon, I reached a height upon the  
smooth canon wall of about a thou-  
sand feet. Here my further progress  
was arrested by a shelving ledge of  
rocks that jutted out from the canon  
side a foot or more. To advance was  
without hope; to return, certain  
death. Reaching upward and out-  
ward, I grasped the rim of the ledge  
with one hand and then with the other,  
my feet slipped from the smooth  
side of the canon, and my body hung  
suspended in the air a thousand feet  
above the roaring waters of the Ar-  
kansas.

"At that moment I looked down-  
ward to measure the distance I would  
have to fall when the strength of my  
arms gave out. A stinging sensation  
crept through my hair as my eye  
caught the strong root of a cedar  
bush that projected out over the  
ledge, a little beyond my reach. My  
grasp upon the rim of the ledge was  
fast yielding to the weight of my per-  
son. Then I determined to make my  
best effort to raise my body and  
throw it sideways toward the root so  
as to bring it within my grasp. At  
the moment of commencing the effort  
I saw my mother's face as she leaned  
out over the ledge, reached down her  
hand and caught me by the hair.  
Stranger, my mother died while yet a  
young woman, when I and my brother  
were small boys, but I remember  
her face. I was successful in making  
the side leap of my arms, when I  
drew myself upon the ledge and rested  
for a time. From here upward  
my climbing way was laborious but  
less dangerous. I reached the top of  
the canon just as the sun was sink-  
ing down behind the snowy range,  
and hastened to our camp at the  
mouth of the canon, where I found  
my brother all safe. 'Charley,' said  
he, 'have you had your head in flour  
sack?' It was then I discovered that  
my hair was as white as you see it  
now."

Virginia Loyalty.

[Winchester Correspondence Philadelphia Times.]

There is something decidedly fun-  
ny about the patriotism of a Virginia  
crowd. Patriotism in the valley of  
Virginia is a very mixed state. Half  
of it is loyalty to the Union and the  
other half to the Confederacy. Take,  
for instance, a military company  
which parades the streets in its jack-  
ets of gray. It will utterly refuse to  
carry the stars and stripes, and yet  
the next moment it will hurrah for  
the Union in the same breath that it  
will cheer the "lost cause." Among  
the visiting companies yesterday was  
the Light Infantry from Alexandria,  
on the Virginia side of the Potomac,  
within sight of loyal Washington. I  
happen to know that when this com-  
pany met in its army to talk over  
the proposal trip some one suggested  
that it carry an American flag at the  
head of its column. Hisses greeted  
the proposition and it was voted  
down promptly, and the company  
marched yesterday without colors.  
Yet this same company a week pre-  
vious, when the people of the North  
were decorating the graves of the  
nation's dead, turned out in the rain  
and strewed with flowers the graves  
of the Federal dead in Alexandria.  
This example of this Alexandria com-  
pany was not followed here in the  
valley, however. Although five  
thousand Federal dead are buried  
here, in one of the most beautiful of  
cemeteries to be found anywhere, not  
a Confederate soldier was magnani-  
mously enough to throw even a flower  
upon a grave, although men who had  
sympathized with the North during  
the war took part in the ceremonies  
of yesterday. The keeper of the na-  
tional cemetery says that last week,  
when the flag at half-mast betokened  
the day of mourning throughout the  
North, a solitary lady entered the  
yard. Expecting to find others there  
she had provided herself with a  
single bouquet. She was surprised  
to find the graves green and with no  
traces whatever of the work of living  
or friendly hands. Dividing her  
poor little bouquet into several parts,  
she placed a flower or two upon a  
dozen graves and went away sorrow-  
fully. There was no other who  
cared for the nation's dead in all  
Winchester. A year or two ago an  
aged and infirm man found his way  
into the cemetery. He wandered  
aimlessly around the modest mon-  
ument standing upon the mound un-  
der which the bones of the unknown  
dead repose and about the little slabs  
of marble which bear the names of  
those who fell fighting for their coun-  
try. Suddenly he stopped, and his  
eyes dimmed with tears. He fell upon  
the little mound, clasped the  
gravestone in his arms and sobbed  
and cried as if his heart would break.  
Years before he had sent a son to the  
war. Years before that son had fallen  
—where, he knew not. He could  
get no trace of him. His comrades  
were dead or scattered, and no one  
knew where or when the loved son  
had yielded up his life. At last this  
old father had discovered what he  
had long searched for in vain. On  
the marble slab his son's name was  
out, and he sat down upon the grave  
and gave away to the most violent  
grief. This grave alone of the  
thousands in the cemetery is strewn  
with flowers when Decoration Day  
comes around. The old man left  
orders behind him and money to  
carry them out, and he has the satis-  
faction of knowing that his son's  
grave is attended to.

The Mayor of Jacksonville, Florida.

[New York Times.]

Officer James Gaffney walked into  
the Fifty-seventh-street police court  
at a funeral yesterday afternoon,  
with a man leaning heavily on his  
arm for support, who announced him-  
self as the mayor of Jacksonville,  
Fla. He was short and thick-set,  
wore a black cloth coat that might  
have been cut for the mayor of  
Jacksonville, Fla., many years ago.  
His skin was as yellow as any South-  
ern gentleman's, and his mustache as  
fierce. The stranger stood himself  
before the bench and looked gravely  
at his Honor as he answered: "My  
name is Joseph Seither. I'm mayor  
of Jacksonville, Fla. I was re-elected  
last April. First time I was ever in  
New York. Been round to see the  
elephant and the sights, and finally  
called on you."

"Yes, yes," said Justice Kilbreth,  
looking with interest upon his dis-  
tinguished visitor. "What's the mat-  
ter, officer?"

"I found him going through the  
street, very unsteady. He came  
up to me and wanted me to take care  
of him. He was willing to go to the  
station-house or anywhere else. He  
was almost gone (sotto voce). He  
must have fairly bathed himself in  
the stuff to be so drunk."

"Don't send me up for more than  
three months," quietly interrupted  
Mr. Seither.

"Do you think you can take care of  
yourself now?" queried the court.

"You just come down to my hotel  
and see if I can't take care of a  
couple of us," said Mr. Seither, wink-  
ing one eye horribly.  
"I guess the people of Jacksonville

Items of Interest.

A boy of nineteen goes to the El-  
mira (N. Y.) reformatory for having  
married two wives.

This is about year in Missouri, and  
they have appeared in large numbers  
in many parts of that State.

The railroads are carrying four  
from St. Louis to New York now at  
the rate of eight cents per barrel.

Col. King, a Texas cattle man, has  
a fence 75 miles long, inclosing 337  
square miles, on which range 110,000  
beasts.

Enough cloth can be woven in  
Massachusetts in sixty days to sup-  
ply all the people in the United States  
with clothing.

A series of experiments has estab-  
lished the fact that chloroform neu-  
tralizes the action of strychnine upon  
the human system.

Seven thousand dollars have been  
raised for the monument to Eliot, the  
Indian apostle, at Newton, Mass., and  
\$1,000 more is wanted.